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THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

It was a cold December evening of the second year of the French Republic, and the carriages rolled heavy over the straw spread thickly before the door of a handsome residence whose former proprietors had perished on the scaffold. Nothing remained that had belonged to them, but an English dog, who was howling in the court-yard, and adding additional gloom to the death-scene acting in one of the apartments above. On the first floor, a *philosopher* lay at the point of death. The chamber was richly furnished, the bed stood in an alcove, and on it lay a disciple of Diderot and Voltaire, whose agony at the prospect of death had banished all his impious associates. Two females only remained in the room; his young wife, an atheist like himself, and a pious old nurse, who muttered prayers under her breath for the miserable being who was so soon to appear before an offended God. He slept—but his sleep was dreadfully agitated—slight convulsions passed across his livid face—a cloud of terror seemed to darken his brow—his teeth chattered, and from time to time inarticulate cries broke from his panting bosom. One would have said the dying man was struggling with invisible enemies, for his fingers were clutched as if he grasped the arm of some one who would strangle him.

The old nurse crouched near the fire, stirring a drink for the patient. The tears rolled down her withered cheeks, and she murmured prayers to the Blessed Virgin, while her hands trembled in preparing the last potion the sick man would ever require, for the doctors had said he could not live beyond the night. On a sofa lay the young wife wringing her hands in an agony of despair. One sentence only did she utter, but it expressed all. "I shall never see him more, we are parted for ever." "Madam," said the nurse, "you will meet again in another world." "Ah! I once believed that, when I was a simple and credulous girl; but they have torn that belief from my heart, and have left nothing in its place." "It is a sad exchange, Madam, how I pity you!" "Alas! would that I had thy simple faith, my good Mary, then I could resign myself to my frightful position—to see him again, I would willingly suffer with him through all eternity. Oh! I feel that I would implore the God of my fathers, bending before Him in the dust, to obtain the sad consolation of sharing his fate, whatever it might be." "If I were in your place, Madam, I would consult some enlightened man on this subject." "I have already consulted all the learned friends of my poor Aristides, with outstretched arms I have implored them to give me but a shadow of hope, but they have frozen me by their despairing reasonings; it is finished, the blow has been struck, my faith is extinguished."

The sick man moved, and slowly pronounced the name of Amelia. The young woman flew to his bedside, and supported his head on her bosom. "Aristides, my friend, thou knowest me, dost thou not? Why dost thou look on empty space as if thou sawest a spectre?

The dying man directed his eyes towards a timepiece that ticked on the opposite wall, and feebly uttered, "Only one hour!" "I have had a terrible vision," he slowly murmured, with the hesitation of a man whose recollections are half effaced—"I lay immoveable, wrapped up in my winding-sheet—I heard the nails driven into my coffin—the sound of weeping told me that thou wert near. Soon I felt my coffin raised and carried out into the street, and I heard the heavy tread of the mourners who attended my funeral—they stopped—they lowered me into the earth; to the sliding of the cords succeeded the dull sound of earth falling heavily on the coffin, and frightening the worms who crawled swiftly out of sight. The planks of my coffin cracked with the weight of earth." "Oh!" this is horrible," cried the young wife, covering her face with her hands. "Is it not," continued the dying man, gathering his wasting strength for the effort—"is it not horrible? Oh! if thou knewest the frightful desolation of the tomb! I hung on the last sound of the human voice with pensive agony. I listened with the anguish of despair as the sound of departing footsteps died on my ear: it seemed as if I were enduring a second death."

The sick man ceased to speak—a solemn silence reigned for some minutes in the spacious chamber. Nothing was heard but the hooting of an owl, and the howling of the deserted dog. "It is the presage of death," murmured the old nurse, making the sign of the cross.

Again the sick man spoke—"I felt my soul leaving my body, and it seemed to sink into the bowels of the earth. Suddenly I found myself in lugubrious vaults, and I saw in the distance the red gleam of fire. I approached, and beheld a crowd of my old

companions enveloped in the flames; the expression of their features was hideous and devilish, nothing human remained. They seemed to be suffering the most dreadful torments, for in the midst of their smiles of welcome, their hands were clenched and their brows contracted with rage. Around us were black angels, who tempt men and incite them to evil. They chattered with an air of odious railery, displaying their long sceptres of fire, the insignia of their power. 'You are ours,' they suddenly screamed, 'you are ours for as many ages as there are grains of sand on the shores of the ocean, leaves in the forests, or atoms in the air. You are ours for ever. We bid you welcome to our dark kingdom, young son of Satan—you who believe in nothing, neither God nor devil.' I was horrified; when a voice sweet as the breeze of morning, melodiously pronounced these words, which resounded in my ears, 'The Eternal grants thee one hour, that thou mayest repent and be saved.'"

"It is the dream of a sick mind," said the young wife sadly.

"It is a warning from Heaven," said old Mary, "if you neglect it, what a load of guilt will be yours."

"But how to find a priest at such an hour—no one would come!"—"No one would refuse."—"No! why they run the risk of being guillotined!"—"They would brave more than that to save a soul."

"How fast the hand of the clock is moving," sighed the dying man. "You hear him," said Mary, "death comes quick. Oh go, go—in that small apartment opposite the window—I would not have told you yesterday for the gold of Peru—but to-day!—you will find an old Saint, who escaped by miracle from the massacre of the 2nd of September."

"But Aristides was there that day—knowest thou that?"

"He will not come to recognize an enemy, but to absolve a sinner."

"I will go, I will go," said the young wife; "be careful of him, Mary, do not let him die."

"I will answer for his life until the expiration of the fatal hour," cried the old woman, in a tone of inspiration; "go in peace, and God guide thee."

The lady threw a shawl around her, and hastily left the chamber; but as she was about to open the street door, the bell rang—it was her sister—a fashionable young woman, who had already divorced four husbands, and who had exchanged the sweet name of Mary for Sans Culotide. She was a woman of strong feelings, a frequenter of the clubs, who delighted in assisting at the execution of priests and aristocrats. Amelia became deadly pale when she saw her sister. "Well, child," said the sister, "how goes it with thy husband?" "He is dying!" "Indeed—what a pity—and where wert thou going alone and on foot at such an hour?" "I was going....." "Not to look for a priest, I should imagine?" "What does it signify to you? let me go." "Why it signifies much, citizen. I have no mind to be affronted at the club because of your aristocratic fancies. I will not have them point a finger at me, and say, she has superstitious blood in her family." "But it will render the death of my poor Aristides more peaceable," said the young wife, entreatingly. "A pretty reason, indeed," retorted the lady disdainfully, "what signify a few convulsions more or less? A man should know how to die—it is essential that he die a true Republican, and not with a chicken-heart. A priest! let one come here, and I will tear his eyes out. A priest! I will denounce thee to-morrow." "My God!" said poor Amelia, bursting into tears. Then gathering her strength, she would have sprung past her sister, but the latter caught her and twisted her shawl round her throat till she became senseless. The clock struck eleven—Amelia recovered from her faint, and found herself a widow.

Twenty years had elapsed, and the citizen Sans Culotide had become a baroness of the empire. The citizen Brutus, her fourteenth husband, had received many honours from the grand Mystificator of the Republic. Only yesterday he had written with his blood on the columns of the profaned temples, "Brutus will be free, or die;" but to-day he was living and no longer free. As to his lady, the baroness, she had changed her name without changing her nature. She was no longer the foolish girl of the year 92, who boasted a revolting incredulity, who frequented the clubs, and figured as a bacchanal at the saturnalias of liberty; but she was a high and mighty dame, who treated the common people with sovereign contempt; a cold, haughty, miserable woman, whom the past appalled, and who drowned her conscience by indulging to excess in the whirlpool of what the world calls pleasure. But the world which she sought so greedily, began to withdraw from her; every day took from her some attraction, and left an absurdity in its place. The baroness would not, and knew not how to be old. She effaced with concentrated rage, the deep wrinkles passion had engraven on her haughty brow, but after a few minutes the fatal signs of age reappeared in spite of all her efforts.

The youth of a worldly woman resembles the gardens of Armedu, where winter was always at hand. In her disenchantment Madame d' Herbigny found herself sometimes alone with her own thoughts; her slumbering remorse awoke tumultuously in the silence of her passions. The past, full of horrible remembrances, unfolded itself slowly before her. The ghastly image of her sister's husband, whose death had left upon her mind a vague impression of horror, presented itself before her during the silence of the night. The baroness neither loved God nor her neighbour, but she feared hell; and to get quit of the remorse which gnawed at her heart, she thought of becoming religious. But the first step she took in this new career, was arrested by human respect. A mocking devil whispered in her ear that the citizen Sans Culotide at the church assisting at the divine offices, would be an inexhaustible source of raillery to her friends. The unfortunate woman stopped short, and continued to

frequent the gilded saloons, the balls, the theatres, with a countenance black as night.

One evening as she sat at home, buried in her gloomy thoughts, and listening to the roll of distant thunder announcing an approaching storm, all of a sudden she heard an unaccountable noise in the court of the hotel, and mechanically opened the window. Her servants were lifting from the carriage a wounded man, whose face was pale as death, and his head covered with bandages. "Who is that? Who is that?" cried the baroness, in terrible agitation. "M. le baron has been wounded in a duel," said the young secretary, who at that moment entered. "A duel!" replied the baroness, with eagerness, "and with whom?" "Ah Madame, excuse....." "For mercy's sake, speak—tell me," cried the frantic woman. "It was the man you lately divorced, who met him in a public place, and spoke some outrageous words regarding you....." "Enough, enough—I understand all." She rushed past the young secretary, and ran half dead with terror, into the apartment of the wounded man. With a movement of her hand she signed to all to retire. "Wounded for me!" she cried, kneeling at the bed of the dying man, "wounded for me! This malediction only was wanting."

"Listen to me," said the baron, in a feeble tone, "human assistance can avail me nothing, I have but an hour to live. I am tormented by remorse. My agony begins—it is horrible! I see around me women, children, and priests, with their throats cut; altars on fire; images of Christ dragged in the dust. Alas!—Oh Mary, I have done all these things!" "It is true," said the baroness, while her teeth chattered with fear, "it is true!" "On the bed of death, a new light dawns on me. The belief of my early years comes back urging me to repent. O that some holy man would pray for me during my agony, and pronounce over my cold remains words of peace and reconciliation. I would not die alone. No, no; have pity on me, Mary; send away these people, and go yourself and find a priest. You will do a good action, and no one will know anything about it."

"I will go," said the baroness, moving slowly away as a person walks in a dream.

"Haste, then, oh make haste, for I feel myself dying."

Madame d' Herbigny crossed the apartment trembling in every limb. She fell—she got up—she fell again. "O my God," she cried, muttering a prayer, "sustain my feeble strength, thou alone canst." She arose with an effort and gained the door. The door opened, and her sister entered pale, cold, and dressed in black. "How is thy husband?" she demanded in an icy tone. "He is dying, sobbed the baroness, and I go....."—"Not to look for a priest I imagine," said the widow with a fiendish sneer," using the same words by accident or design, that her sister had used twenty years before.

Madame d' Herbigny recoiled in horror, her arms fell powerless by her side. "O my God, thou art just," she said; then dragging herself to her sister's feet, "hear me, Amelia," she cried eagerly, "thou wast once good and merciful, be not cruel like me, permit me to go out, it will give peace to my husband who has been slain for me, it will restore peace to me. O Amelia my dear sister, let me go—he is dying in the next room—hark—the death rattle is in his throat."

"Thou shalt not go. Thy husband shall die as mine died, it is but just." "O this is horrible, most horrible," cried the baroness, extending her supplicating hands towards her sister; "in the name of heaven....."—"I wish nothing better," said the terrible widow with frightful energy. Aristides, thanks to thy care, has gone to his place; where he has gone, there will I go also."

"I am dying," feebly murmured the wounded man.

"Hearest thou that mourn? Oh! pity me, pardon me, pity us both."

"No no, though I should be damned a hundred times—no."

Madame d' Herbigny fell almost lifeless on the floor, a cold sweat bedewed her forehead, her limbs were stiff and motionless. She saw her sister open the door, she heard her savage laugh as she turned the key, unable to rise from the floor; she saw the lightning flash, she heard the thunder roar, and the noise was mingled with the sound of instruments proceeding from a ball-room where she had intended to pass the evening; and, in the intervals of silence, she heard the death rattle in the neighbouring chamber. She was delirious during the next hour. A violent knocking at the door roused her from this state. Then all her faculties returned with redoubled energy; she screamed aloud, they burst open the door, but when the unfortunate woman gained the chamber of her husband, he was dead!

Unfortunately, this story is not a fable of the imagination—it is true in all its details. The names only are changed in consideration of the feelings of a respectable family. Such are the results of infidelity—such is the death-scene of the impious.

Philip the second king of Spain had once spent several hours of the night in writing a long letter to the pope, and having finished it, gave it to his secretary to fold it up and seal it. The secretary was half asleep, and instead of shaking the sand-bottle over it in order to dry it, he emptied that which contained the ink by mistake, so that all the ink ran out upon the letter and completely spoiled it; perceiving the accident, he was ready to drop with confusion. Upon which the king, without showing the least indignation, said nothing but this: "Well, give me another sheet of paper;" and then began to write the letter over again with great peace and tranquillity.

As it is not possible in this our pilgrimage to avoid certain differences and disputes between one another, it is needful to have a great fund of mildness to oppose to the sudden movements of anger, in order to preserve the peace of the heart.—*S. Francis of Sales.*

THE BIBLE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRISTOL TIMES.

SIR—As some passages in a report of a meeting lately held in your city may tend to confirm a very common misunderstanding with regard to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures on the Continent, I beg leave to offer the following remarks. I have resided for some years in Roman Catholic countries, and made many observations as to the state of their religious principles and practices. In Belgium, the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, in France and Italy, the Roman Catholic versions of the Holy Scriptures, both with and without comment, may be freely obtained. The circulation and reading of these editions is authorized and recommended by the ecclesiastical authorities. I have in my possession an Italian Testament, which I purchased without the smallest difficulty in Milan. A friend who was desirous of presenting a prisoner in the jail at Leghorn with a copy of the New Testament, requested permission of the governor to do so. "Certainly," he replied, "it is a book which I read daily." The Pope and Catholic clergy do indeed prohibit and discourage the circulation of Protestant versions of the Bible; and in doing so they are perfectly consistent, and, in my opinion, perfectly right. Were I on the Continent again I would never give away any other than an authorized Catholic translation of the Bible, as I should much prefer it to the mutilated Protestant versions.

The Reformed French Church is but just emerging from a state of total denial of the Divinity of the Son of God. But three years since the chaplain of the Prussian Ambassador at Naples, a man greatly esteemed for his character and ability, was unable to obtain a hearing in any church of Geneva, because he was a believer in the Divinity of our blessed Lord. One of the most prominent Protestant ministers in Paris intimated to me that twelve years since he could not reckon more than ten Pasteurs among the four hundred of the Reformed Church in France, who believed and maintained our Saviour to be very God. A strenuous advocate of the Socinian heresy occupied in 1841, and probably still occupies, the pulpit of the Oratoire in Paris. Is it possible that those who have ever retained the Creeds of Nicœa and St. Athanasius, can look with any other feelings than those of the strongest suspicion on versions of the Scriptures which come from the friends and adherents of a communion so awfully corrupt?

The Protestant versions of the Bible are to my certain knowledge circulated abroad with political and revolutionary designs. One of the most bitter infidels I have ever known said he would cordially co-operate in the circulation of the Bible in Italy, as he believed it would tend to subvert the existing political systems.

It was about the beginning of the present century that the Italian translation of the whole Bible by Antonio Martini, Archbishop of Florence, was published, together with valuable notes, with a congratulatory letter from the Pope, in which the perusal of the Holy Scriptures was strongly and devoutly recommended. This may be obtained in any bookseller's shop in Italy. A Catholic Bishop in Italy once said to me, "I read the Holy Scriptures daily upon my knees." I have found the Bible in the cells of monks, in the libraries of litterati, and in the open book stall in the streets; and many of those who imagine the children in Roman Catholic countries to be brought up in profound ignorance of the Word of God, would be astonished at the scriptural knowledge which is evinced by their answers in the infant schools of Pisa and Florence; by the replies which they would receive to their interrogatories on such subjects from peasant boys among the Apennines, and the process of catechising by the priest in the vestry, which English residents in Paris may observe for themselves. I am actuated by a sense of justice in requesting the favour of your giving insertion to these remarks, which fall immeasurably short of what might be adduced to the same effect by those who have had opportunities of making more minute observations.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IN A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

O THOU, Who rising long before the day,
Went'st forth to pray
On the cold mount, by weariness opprest,
That we might rest
With Thee hereafter; though my lot denies
Sleep to mine eyes,—
Blessed REDEEMER, how can I repine,
Remembering Thine?

O Thou, Who at the fourth watch of the night
Did'st come in sight
Of Thine Apostles, toiling on the wave;
And, swift to save
From peril and from fear, said'st, drawing nigh,
"Peace! It is I!"
O still my thoughts, tempestuous as that sea,
Speak peace to me!

O Thou, Who didst not roughly chide Thy Saint
With faith too faint
To walk the waters, but with outstretch'd hand
Didst bid him stand;
My faith is weak: according to Thy Word,
Help me, O LORD
Afraid of every danger; not afraid
To seek Thine aid!

Oh, give Thy servant patience, to be still,
And bear Thy Will;
Courage, to venture wholly on the Arm
That will not harm;
The Wisdom, that will never let me stray
Out of my way;
The Love, that, now afflicting, knoweth best
When I should rest!

Thy time is not yet come. Enough for me!
Thy time will be
The safest and the best; and how can I
Wish it more nigh?
If e'er Thou settest me among Thy Blest,
Enough of rest!
Meanwhile, altho' Thou bidd'st my pains not cease,
Grant me Thy Peace!

We ought to behave ourselves sweetly towards all, with such a demeanour as is wont to spring from a tender heart, and one that is filled with Christian charity, that is, with affability, love, and humility; which virtues serve admirably to gain the hearts of men, and to encourage them to embrace even what is most repugnant to nature.—S. VINCENT OF PAUL.

CANON SCHMID'S TALES.

PART I.

CONTAINING THE WOODEN CROSS, ANGELICA, THE FIRE, THE MELON.

(Duffy, Dublin,)

THESE are very charming translations of very charming tales, and reflect great credit on the press from which they appear. Some of the canon's beautiful stories have appeared in our pages, as our readers know; and it is equally well-known, that several months ago we announced versions of many others. If considerations of jealous trade or literary rivalry were to direct us, it might be thought foolish to praise this book; but who can allow such ideas to rest on the mind when the diffusion of good and interesting works is concerned, and more particularly, as in this instance, when narratives are so happily told, and the book "got up" in so creditable a form? We have long entertained the belief, that if Catholics encouraged reading in their families and flocks a little more earnestly than they do at present, there would be ample employment for ten times the number of presses at present devoted to their service. The greater part of the Catholics of these kingdoms are not, however, *readers*, and we hope that the fictions of the good canon, rendered into English by many hands, will stimulate at least the appetite, while they improve the mind. But a truce to any reflections; here is the Preface to the book before us.

"Two Irish Clergymen have resolved to devote to a translation of Canon von Schmid's Tales, some of their intervals of leisure from more laborious study.

"These simple stories have long been popular on the continent, and it is hoped that an English translation of them may do something to supply a want which is painfully felt among ourselves. They are, it is true, extremely unpretending, nor does the present translation make any attempt to modify or improve them:—the plot of some of them is slight and inartificial;—they fall short, perhaps, in that pleasing, but too often pernicious excitement of which our current literature is so fruitful, of many works already in circulation;—but all these wants are more than compensated by other and far higher excellencies. While they contain a body of solid, moral, and religious instruction, which it would be vain to seek elsewhere in our popular literature, they possess quite enough of interesting incident to render this instruction palatable and even attractive; and are admirably calculated to form that invaluable taste for solid Christian knowledge, which is at once the ornament and the safeguard of virtue."

In the small space allowed us it is impossible to give such extracts from the book as will convey a fair idea of any particular tale; we must, therefore, content ourselves with two or three passages, to show the idiomatic and graceful dress which German can be made to wear, and connect them together as well as we can. We will select the story of Angelica.

"The eminent painter, Bergheim, was a man of noble mind and pure and cultivated taste. He had travelled through Italy as a young artist, for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters; and as he delighted particularly in subjects from Holy Scripture; and had resolved to devote his art exclusively to sacred, and especially to gospel history, he had copied, with untiring diligence and skill, every sacred piece which appeared to him to possess more than ordinary merit. With this treasure of paintings he returned to Germany, and arranged them with great taste, in a gallery built expressly for the purpose in his own house, where, in their rich frames, they appeared to great advantage, being beautifully relieved by the light blue tint of the painted walls.

"The generous artist was never happier than when he found a man who could relish the beauty of these paintings; and, it was a source of especial gratification to him, that his affectionate wife never entered the gallery without visible emotion, nor looked upon the pictures without unaffected delight. Still more happy was he, that his only daughter, though yet almost a child, took a pleasure in them, wonderful in one of her age, and made remarks on them that astonished him. He had called her, in honour of the celebrated painter of that name, Angelica; and he fondly hoped that his beloved child would one day become a distinguished painter, and resemble the noble artist Angelica, in more than in name.

"One Sunday morning, after divine worship, the father, mother, and daughter, went into the gallery, and were admiring the paintings. Little Angelica remained standing before one of them. 'This picture,' said she, 'is my favourite among them all.'

"'I do not wonder at it,' said her father, 'it is really one of the most beautiful among them. I copied it with especial care and delight from a painting by your namesake, Angelica, which I saw in Rome.'

"'Look, dear Angelica,' he continued, 'the Blessed Virgin Mary is here painted as a tender child of your own age. She is watering these beautiful lilies in the flower-pot. A ray from heaven plays round the fair form of the holy child. Her parents are standing by—the father all amazed at the wondrous stream of light, and the affectionate mother filled with holy transport!'

"Angelica's mother was overjoyed, for she, too, had always preferred that picture, and had often gazed upon it devoutly for hours together. It appeared to her that the meek innocent face of her own little Angelica, closely resembled the face of Mary in the picture; but she did not remark this to her daughter, lest it might make her vain.

"'Dearest Angelica!' she contented herself with saying, 'let Mary ever be your model! See how pious and fervent, how soft and gentle, how full of holy innocence her tender face is! See, the pure white lilies are an image of her pure thoughts—of her innocence! May you also always bloom in purity and innocence!'"

Angelica grows up in every virtue; her father taught her to practise his favourite art, in which she soon excelled. Among those who resorted to Bergheim's rooms to admire his paintings, was a Baron von West, and he solicited the hand of Angelica. He was a very worthy young man, but could not paint; and the want of this accomplishment led the father to refuse the Baron his request. In vain Bergheim's wife entreated.

"The mother returned quite disconsolate to Baron West and Angelica, and related the substance of the conversation. 'Alas!' said she, in conclusion, 'nothing can be done now with the good-hearted, but singular old man. I know him well, when he has once taken anything into his head it is impossible to move him.'

"The afflicted baron bade adieu to the mother and daughter. He comforted the weeping Angelica. 'For the present,' said

he, 'I go, since that is the best course that remains for me; but do you continue faithful to me. I hope to return after some years, and then to gain the consent of your father, who, notwithstanding his refusal, has still my esteem.' Without farther explanation he took his leave. * * * *

"Nearly three years had elapsed. Baron von West had written twice a-year to Bergheim, and more frequently to the mother; and in his letters to the mother he always inclosed a few lines to Angelica, in which he spoke most confidently of his hopes, but did not tell on what they were grounded. For a few months his correspondence had been discontinued altogether.

"In the meantime, Gerhard, a distinguished painter, who was travelling to perfect himself in his art, paid a visit, for a few weeks, to Bergheim, saw Angelica and her beautiful paintings, and conceiving an ardent wish to make her his wife, wrote to Bergheim on his return to his own country, after his travels, and solicited Angelica's hand. With the letter he forwarded a painting executed by himself, as a present to Bergheim.

"Bergheim knew not how to express his admiration of the painting. It was really a most exquisite piece. It represented two children, three or four years old, sitting on the grass under a group of alder trees, and drinking milk out of an earthen bowl. 'It is inimitable!' said Bergheim. 'The little faces of the children are really charming. The lovely brown eyes and dark hair of the boy; the mild blue eyes and light locks of the girl; and the blooming ruddy cheeks of both children could not be more beautiful. In what brilliant relief do the bright figures of the children stand out from the deep green shade of the alder trees! Every thing, down to the most delicate detail, is perfect; even the hue of the earthen vessel, and the pale tints of the spoons, filled with milk, are exhibited in masterly style. Angelica, I certainly will not compel you; that is not right; it would be a sin; but how happy would I not be had you this excellent painter as your husband!'"

Baron West had not been forgotten by Angelica, and he had laboured for three years to deserve the father's favour. He returned with two pictures, which he had drawn to prove his proficiency; the subject of one was flowers, the other was a fruit piece; and these were exceedingly admired by Angelica and her mother.

"'It certainly costs much toil, and many long years' practice,' said the Baron, 'to be able to paint even a rose or a gillyflower. A flower has always appeared to me a beautiful subject for this art; for every flower is a benevolent design of the Supreme Artist—a work of the Creator, who first sketched it in all its beauty, then painted it before us, and has even drawn its outlines in the little seed, invisible to our eyes. But, alas!' continued he, 'what are these paintings of flowers and fruits, when compared with the beautiful portrait of the heavenly Friend of children, at which you are engaged! How poor are they, when compared to the pictures in this hall; these soul-exciting images of illustrious men, of holy angels, and of Him who is exalted above all men and angels! Ah! when I look around upon the Angelical Salutation, the Nativity, the Holy Family, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Last Supper, and our Saviour expiring, with His crown of thorns reeking with blood, or arisen and standing in the midst of his rejoicing disciples—how deeply do I feel the dignity and power of this art! What heavenly innocence, gentleness, devotion, and recollection do I contemplate in the image of the Blessed Virgin! What brilliancy—what exemption from all earthly cares and earthly sorrows—in the face of the angel! See how, on the noble countenances of these apostles, the 'one faith' and the 'one love' is revealed in different forms and features. And there, Christ, the Man-God, combines divine dignity with human meekness: who does not feel—who does not see, that God has there manifested himself in human form to man—that man is more than dust, and that virtue is the only thing that gives true nobility to men, and makes them like unto God?'

"He was silent for a few moments. 'When I look on my poor flowers and fruits, my dear Angelica,' he mournfully resumed, 'I fear that your father will not be satisfied with me, and that, perhaps, I have laboured in vain.'

"'Not satisfied with you!' eagerly exclaimed Angelica, 'he will be overjoyed, astonished, enchanted, to find you, thus unexpectedly, so superior an artist!'

"Her mother however was uneasy, and told how much the father was taken with Gerhard, and how delighted he was with the picture which he had sent him. Baron West requested to see it.

"'It is really most beautiful,' said he. 'I acknowledge that I am far inferior to Gerhard."

Bergheim was from home when West returned. With the knowledge and permission of the daughter and mother, West painted a fly on the picture which Gerhard had given to the old man.

"In a fortnight's time the father returned, late one evening, to his family. They told him nothing of the arrival of the Baron, who was staying with some of his relatives in the town. Next morning, as the father was sitting at his work in his cap and dressing-gown, and painting busily, Baron von West walked into the gallery, accompanied by Angelica and her mother.

"Bergheim welcomed him cordially, though his arrival, at that precise time, was not very agreeable to him. He already looked upon Gerhard the painter as his son-in-law; and he feared that the nobleman might prove a formidable rival, and that Angelica might not be as willing to marry Gerhard as she had hitherto appeared. He resolved, therefore, to show Gerhard's beautiful picture at once to the Baron; and then, when the great perfection of the work was duly acknowledged, to declare to him, that he had fixed on the author of that piece as his destined son-in-law.

"The Baron gave the picture its due praise. Bergheim expatiated upon its beauties one after another.

"'I appeal to yourself,' said he. 'Are they not a lovely little pair? Are not these little heads, with their smiling faces and curling locks, literally angelic? So happy, so content are the little ones with their bowl of milk, that they appear to have no other wish in this wide world; and seem to say to us, 'Thus happy can your dear little ones be if you do not torment yourselves with empty cares. The whole piece is finished in faultless style. That earthen bowl, with its brilliant varnish, is dearer to me than a real vessel of massive gold; and even that lackered spoon, almost overflowing with milk, which the little girl seems to be raising to her lip slowly and cautiously lest she should spill it, is'——

"He suddenly stopped, for at that moment he discovered the fly on the rim of the spoon.

"'Ah! ah!' said he, 'what are *you* doing there? What brought you here? Has the painted milk enticed you? You shall not escape unpunished.'

"He pulled off his cap, and endeavoured two or three times to drive away the fly—but in vain. 'Are you not going, you obstinate creature?' he cried out angrily. 'Then you shall forfeit your life on the spot.'

"He struck the fly with his cap. 'What,' he exclaimed in astonishment, 'have I not despatched you? are you not dead? no!' Again he struck deliberately and forcibly.

"'What can this be?' said he. He looked closely at the fly—

he felt it with his finger—he shook his head, and put on his spectacles.

"'Verily,' cried he, in the greatest amazement, 'it is painted—as I live—painted! Who did this?'

"'Pardon me this innocent trick, my dear father,' said the Baron. 'To gain your good will, and to deserve the hand of Angelica, I became a painter. I did not wish to say anything of my intention until now, as I was uncertain whether I could succeed. I would certainly have made a much greater proficiency in the art had I the benefit of your instructions, but circumstances made that impossible. I expect to be able to produce more worthy fruits of my labour than these trifles.'

"Bergheim was both surprised and delighted. 'Truly,' said he, still closely inspecting the fly through his spectacles, 'truly, your fly is a master-piece. How nicely does it fix its tender legs, and stretch out its little trunk to drink a drop of milk on the spoon. How delicately all the colours of the rainbow play on its filmy wings. Great an enemy as I am to flies, I must admire this one. It is a perfect fly.'

"Baron West then showed the other two pictures he had brought with him, the flower-piece and the fruit-piece.

"'My dear Baron,' said Bergheim, 'I have now no objection to the marriage. You have not only completely removed the objection I had to it—you have, moreover, given me a decisive proof, that you have a sincere affection for my daughter. I must now tell you the whole truth: I was opposed to the marriage, not so much because you were not a painter, as because you had no art or profession at all, by which you could support your future wife. Riches I thought unsafe, especially in these times of war. I hold it absolutely necessary, that a man, be he rich or poor, should be able to earn his bread; for I am convinced, that a man who has no certain occupation, can never live happy and content, but must fall into a thousand follies, or, perhaps, vices and crimes. I accordingly said within myself, the Baron has taste and talent for the art; he shows great ability, even when working only for his amusement; if he really desire to have Angelica's hand, he can easily become a painter. He has leisure and time enough. Such were my feelings. I could not think of directly proposing to you to learn the art of painting. I thought it would be demanding too much, that a man, especially a nobleman, should go serve his time to a painter. I left the matter to your own feelings; but it was secretly my most cherished wish; and that wish you have now realized to my fullest satisfaction. My dear son, may God bless you and my daughter, as I and my wife both now give you our blessing.'

"The marriage of Baron West and Angelica was celebrated with all the joy of a domestic festival. They plighted their faith before an altar, the altar-piece of which represented the marriage of the Blessed Virgin, painted in a superior style by Bergheim himself.

"At dinner Bergheim was in his happiest flow of spirits. 'This day,' said he, 'all flies, provided they are not too covetous, may take share of our wedding banquet.'

"The marriage of Baron West and Angelica was the happiest in the world. He, as well as Angelica and her father, devoted himself entirely to painting, and that art contributed exceedingly to enhance his enjoyment. Both parents and children led a most happy life.

"'How much happier am I now,' would the Baron often say, 'when each morning invites me to labour, than formerly, when my first thought used to be with what amusements I could while away the empty hours, or rather, kill my idle time.'

"And the young painter soon had cause to praise his father-in-law's wisdom for other reasons. For when his paternal property fell, by the chances of war, into the hands of the enemy, and his annual revenues were cut off, his art still brought him in a competent income. 'You were right,' said he to Bergheim, 'to give art the preference over riches; a fixed occupation in life brings happiness and innumerable joys.'

"'I am delighted, my dear son,' said the father, 'that you are convinced of this. Industry and labour secure our daily bread, the nourishment of our bodies; art enlightens and throws a charm over life; but our holy religion is all in all. She is the food of our souls. Without her what were the labour of our hands? What, but a soulless, painful grovelling in the dust of the earth? Religion must ever be the soul of all—our most valued art—the soul of our souls.'

"Angelica's parents lived to an advanced age. She was their joy and their crown. She and her husband were equally attentive to the beloved old couple: Angelica, the eminent artist, was also the most careful of house-wives, the most affectionate of wives, and the best of daughters; and her parents would often say, 'Dearest Angelica, all our wishes, hopes, and prayers, once poured out from our hearts before that image of the most blessed of all virgins and mothers, have been more than realised in thee.'"

ANECDOTE ARISING OUT OF A PORTUGUESE CUSTOM.

The Portuguese frequently adopt the children of other persons, educate them, and sometimes promote their future fortunes. The Infanta Regent, possessing the national taste, applied to an Irishwoman, who, forthwith, accommodated her royal highness with her own daughter, a thriving young girl, two years of age. The agreement was deliberately made, and the article in question sold and delivered. The mother, however, whose notions concerning the transfer of property were not peculiarly clear, returned after a short time, and wished to enter again into possession; to this the Infanta naturally demurred, and such a tumult of Irish ejaculations ensued, as had probably never before assailed the ears of any royal personage.

In this emergency, an officer was requested to march his military person to the palace, where he found our heroine of the Emerald Isle, fiercely expostulating amidst a host of large black Brazilian women, who were screaming in chorus around her. Yet nothing daunted was the dame. "No one shall part me and my child," was still the burden of her song. A golden argument at length induced her to mitigate such unreasonable claims, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was concluded. She was allowed to retain her child during that night, and was provided with good lodgings, a good supper, and a sentinel at her door, to prevent either warlike or fugitive proceedings. I accompanied my friend in the evening to her room; she was then in the highest good humour, and greatly flattered by the notice taken of her blue-eyed child. On the following morning the little girl was conducted to the palace, according to agreement, while the mother was deposited on a donkey and peaceably removed.

The instinctive love of self-preservation in children amongst the higher classes, is seldom so active as in those who are less objects of care and solicitude; because, being accustomed to depend on the watchfulness of others, they lose that quick perception of danger which is as natural to infants as it is to animals. The eagerness for knowledge, also, which is born with all children, becomes surfeited by over-indulgence, and enervated by too much aid. But the curiosity of young people should be excited on all useful subjects, and ought to receive such assistance as shall encourage their own minds to work out the rest.

No. 5.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

Sophia.—We must make haste to speak of mental prayer before our brothers come, for it would not be proper to talk about these things in their presence.

F. Th.—By the words mental prayer we understand a kind of secret and amiable intercourse with God, which may be made in *two* ways: either by some short aspiration, or by protracted consideration or contemplation. The *former* is a kind of preparation for the latter; and, vice versa, the latter is a kind of fuel for the former—for, by the exercise of meditation, the fire of divine love is kindled in our hearts, through which we feel excited to sigh for a union with God. "I recommend to you," said S. Augustine to Proba, "the use of frequent ejaculations, without which we can never arrive at a contemplative life, and can never exercise well an active one. The use of these ejaculations is not less easy than profitable: you may make some from time to time, even among your daily duties and family affairs; such, for example, as are the best suited to your feelings and wants. Those that come spontaneously from the heart are the best of all. The Psalms are full of them: choose such as please you most, and endeavour to get the *habit* of repeating them as often as possible." So much for the use of ejaculations. Let us now pass to the other part of mental prayer, viz. meditation or contemplation. This only exercise is the most fit to carry a man to the highest pitch of sanctity and perfection: by it we may easily avoid sin, practise virtue, and arrive at the closest union with God; so that this exercise never ought to be neglected by him who wishes for his eternal salvation. Every Christian, who wishes to be a Christian not only in name, but also in reality, ought never to permit a day to pass without spending half an hour in this exercise. Such was the opinion of S. Theresa, and I think she was right in speaking so: for, if we consider a little on one side our weakness, and on the other the dangers amongst which we continually live, we must confess, that it is quite impossible not to fall into some grievous sin, without the exercise of meditation. Our heart has been created to love—love is its first act: we must, then, love something; but if we do not love heavenly objects, we shall be necessarily drawn to the love of earthly ones. Now, how can we love heavenly things, if we do not think on them? our heart cannot love what our mind does not understand. Let us, then, apply our minds to the consideration of heavenly things, and we shall feel our heart kindled with love. *In meditatione mea exardescit ignis:* in my meditation the fire is kindled.

Sophia.—I am fully persuaded of its necessity; but what I want is the practice of it. Teach us, then, if you please, the practice of meditation.

F. Th.—Very well. Let us come, then, to the practice of it. First of all, we must see how much time you can spare for this holy exercise. It would be good if you could employ in it about half an hour, either in the morning or in the evening, as you find it most convenient. Some people prefer to do it in the morning, others in the evening: every one to his taste. For my own part I should prefer to have it both morning and evening: and suppose, in that case, you were to employ half an hour each time; perhaps it would be too much for you—would it?

Sophia.—We have plenty of time—at least when there are no particular occupations. But, perhaps, it would be difficult to spare an hour every day.

F. Th.—Well, if you cannot have a whole hour, employ what you have; half an hour, a quarter, ten minutes, five minutes—so that you may never miss a day without having devoted some moments at least to this holy exercise. Having fixed the time, you ought to be exact in not abridging it on any account, except when some indispensable duties occur, in which case you may interrupt it; but you ought to supply the deficiency, by employing, as soon as possible, as much additional time as is necessary to complete that appointed for meditation. Another thing also is to be settled, viz. the place for meditation. I am of opinion that a retired one would be the best for you. I know that in religious houses, and also in some families in Italy, it is the custom for all to meditate together in the same room; but I do not know whether this practice would be suitable for you. I should recommend you to say the vocal prayers in common with all the family, but, with regard to meditation, perhaps it would not do.

Mrs. Smith.—No, it would not: our young men would laugh if we were to propose this plan of having *meditation* in common.

F. Th.—Then each one can have it in private by herself; or you might unite among yourselves alone. Having fixed the time and place, you may kneel down, and recite some short prayer: for instance, "Come, Holy Ghost," &c., "I confess to Almighty God," &c., which is much recommended by S. Theresa. Then make some short preparation, for we must endeavour to prepare ourselves for prayer, as the Holy Ghost advises us. This preparation ought to be two-fold, remote and immediate. The remote consists in a continual watchfulness over ourselves, in order to avoid sin and practise virtue; and this ought to be done all the day long. The immediate is made in the same place and at the same hour as the meditation; it consists ordinarily of five acts: 1st. Calling to mind the presence of God; that is to say, we must remember that we are in the divine presence. We may consider ourselves, for instance, as a fish in the ocean, as a bird in the air, or as a piece of iron in the furnace, which is not only surrounded, but entirely penetrated with fire.—2nd. Adoration of his Divine Majesty.—3rd. Humiliation of ourselves in his divine presence.—4th. Contrition for our sins, and a purpose of correcting ourselves.—Finally, Petition for the divine assistance.

Lucy.—Who can remember all these things? I think it very difficult to make this preparation.

F. Th.—Oh no, my girl, it is not so difficult, but, with a little attention, quite natural. I will show it you in practice. You go to meditate. Well, after having recited some short prayer, as I suggested, you may begin thus: "My God, I firmly believe that thou art present to me, and I to thee: I need not go out to find thee; thou art really here, not only in this room, but in my heart and soul. What a happiness for me to be so intimately united with thy majesty! I adore thy divine majesty; I prostrate myself in thy presence, as the angels and blessed do in heaven. But, alas! who am I that dare to appear before such majesty, such purity, such sanctity; I am but a poor sinner, covered with the filthiness of my crimes. I ask thy pardon, and propose to correct myself, and to serve thee more diligently for the time to come. Now, I beg thy divine assistance, that I may meditate well. Holy Mary, mother of God, my patron saints, make intercession for me."

Lucy.—Oh, this is very easy: I will learn it by heart, and repeat it before my meditation.

F. Th. It would be good to do so in the beginning; but, in general, I am not fond of forms: the best way is to go after the feelings of our heart. You may learn this little formula, but with this condition, that if you find yourself moved to use other words, you never mind this set form, but follow the feelings of your heart. After the preparation is over, we begin the meditation: but I should be afraid of tiring you, if I were to lay down all its rules at once. I think what we have said is enough for the present: by and by we shall speak of the second part,

(To be continued.)

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XI.

"Is this a time for moonlight dreams,
Of love and home by mazy streams,
For Fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No, rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part,
To watch with firm unshrinking eye
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight grey."

The Christian Year.

One evening, early in November, Mrs. Raymond and Ethel, returning from their walk, stopped to watch the sun set. The old grey church was lit up beautifully, and the trees near it were tinged with a golden radiance. The two friends gazed on the sinking orb in silence till it disappeared, leaving a royal retinue of gorgeous clouds to subside into the gentle hues of twilight. "You must not stand still any longer," said Ethel at last; "it is quite chilly." "You take more care of me," said Mrs. Raymond as they walked on, "than I do of you. I am sure you are not well, dear Ethel; you have looked pale for days." "Indeed I am quite well," said Ethel with a sigh. "But what is the matter then, my dear? I shall begin to fancy that you are disappointed at some of our short comings. Remember all Catholics are not saints. Converts generally require to be reminded of that very often." "I have met with no Catholic who profits less by our high and precious privileges than myself," replied Ethel. "I own I am often grieved at finding myself still almost as bad as ever. But that is not my present trouble; it is grief for the trials of another." "Surely you are not grieving over Adelaide's disappointment," said Mrs. Raymond; "it is the very best thing for her that could have happened." "I feel that; but you little know what poor Adelaide is suffering. She conceals it from all of them at home, and the effort to do so, seems more than her weak frame will stand." "I should never have given Adelaide credit for concealing anything that distresses her," said Mrs. Raymond; "she is so deficient in self-control." "Yes, but pride will do a great deal. She could not endure to play the part of 'the forsaken' before them all, and she tries to make them fancy that she is now quite indifferent to Robert, and that she was the person to break off the engagement." "Your mother wrote me word that, 'the engagement was at an end by mutual consent;' but I felt quite sure which of the parties was the inconstant one. Do not vex about it, my dear Ethel; it is a lucky escape for Adelaide; she would have soon worn herself into her grave if she had married Robert, she is so exigeante, so fanciful, so morbidly sensitive. Robert had not patience to put up with it as a lover. Is it likely he would have endured it as a husband?" "Ah! poor girl, she *does* make troubles!" sighed Ethel, "and yet, I think you are hard upon her. She is not exigeante, and you never see her out of temper." "Not cross or angry, I grant, but then she looks miserable, and cries her eyes out of her head for a trifle." "Surely she never did that here?" said Ethel. "Yes, she did; Stephen teazed her once at the breakfast-table about coming down late, and she burst out crying, and left the room. And she was so hurt and distressed, at my speaking seriously to her about the useless, idle, life she leads. When she was here last, just before she went abroad with the Greys, I thought her in a very unhealthy state of mind." "I know it is as you say," said Ethel, "but how odd that no one else remarks it." "Because, at home you all give way to her, and try who can spoil her most. She is a sweet-looking, winning creature, I allow, but that is no reason why you should all flatter her, and make her so selfish." "Adelaide *selfish!*" cried Ethel, "why she is the most self-sacrificing creature!" "My dear Ethel, do not be so blind. She has strong affections, and will make sacrifices for the sake of her idols; but that is not true disinterestedness. I dare say she would consent to live in a cottage on potatoes and salt, clad in linsey woolsey for the sake of Robert Clayton; but selfishness is at the bottom of that. If she is capable of making such great sacrifices to please her own fancy, why will she not make some little sacrifices to add to the comfort of her family?" "How do you know she does not?" "You may know whether a tree is an oak or an ash, by seeing one leaf only of it," Mrs. Raymond answered. "I have had proofs enough from her own lips, that she acts selfishly at home." Ethel felt it was too true. "What a different creature Adelaide would be, if she were a Catholic," said Ethel. "If she had been *brought up* one, no doubt she would have learnt self-control long ago," said Mrs. Raymond. "But now, it would be a hard task. The thing that makes me distrust Adelaide is, her distaste for everything that requires the least exertion, whether bodily or mental. She is earnest only in the gratification of her own tastes and feelings." "Oh! my dear cousin, I never heard you so severe on any one before. You that are always checking me for uncharitable judgments." "I would not say all this, Ethel, without strong reasons. I feel that Adelaide's disappointment will work a great change in her, either for good, or for bad. If she can be led to feel that her passion for her cousin was gross idolatry, and that his being taken from her is a great mercy for her, she will rise into a much higher character than she is yet. But, alas! I fear her sinking into a discontented, restless, morbid creature, a torment to herself, and all about her. Now you, Ethel, have a good deal of influence over her, and might do much with her; but it is necessary that you should see her character in its true colours, or you will only encourage her morbid sensibility, and feed her sinful repining. This is why I spoke so harshly. I have been thinking of asking her to pay us a visit. Do you think she would come?" "Oh! how kind of you, my dear cousin!" said Ethel. "I was just thinking of going

home to be with her; but there would be a far greater chance of her conversion if she came here." "Well, let us write at once," said Mrs Raymond, as they approached the house, "we shall have just time before dinner, if we make haste."

After dinner, Mr. Raymond came into the drawing-room laughing, with the Morning Post in his hand, and pointed out a paragraph to the two ladies, which announced that the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the late general Darrel, was about to be led to the hymeneal altar, &c. &c. "What a match!" said Mr. Raymond, "the sposo is sixty at least. Canon of ——, rector of ——, &c. &c. He holds preferment enough, and has a large private fortune too. Well, I had a better opinion of Martha: I suppose, poor thing, she feels herself getting passée. She would not have accepted a man of sixty, a year ago." "I don't know that, if he had had a coronet to offer her," said Ethel. "You need not have said that," said Mrs. Raymond reprovingly. "Poor Martha! I hope she may be happy." "As happy as a fine home and equipage can make her," said Mr. Raymond. "Canon Draughton is a gourmand, a grumbler, and a humbug." "Oh! Stephen, Stephen, fie upon you!" said Mrs. Raymond, "what can you know about him?" "Don't you remember we used to meet him at ——," replied Mr. Raymond; "I am sure you cannot have forgotten that dinner-party at Lord ——'s. The bishop of —— was there, and I never saw any one look more uncomfortable than his lordship did, at Canon Draughton's conversation. Don't you remember the sarcastic remarks on the luxurious living of the monks, called forth by the mention of Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey' from one of the party, which were unheard by the canon, who was absorbed in his venison; and as soon as he had got through it, he entered into a criticism on the respective merits of the best episcopal cuisines of the present day?" "Oh yes, I remember him now. He was at —— for his health. He was not prepossessing certainly." "I don't pity Martha," said Mr. Raymond, "she is acting contemptibly." "I think she is more to be pitied than blamed," said Mrs. Raymond; "she is a victim to the modern system of female education. If girls are taught to consider marriage as the end and aim of every woman's existence, and to look on the single state as useless, contemptible, and miserable; what can be expected, but that they should make every effort to get well married in youth; and when they feel youth gone, and the aim of their life still unattained, consent to take any one that offers, rather than run the risk of dying 'an old maid.'" "Well, but Martha is not so very ancient as all that," persisted Mr. Raymond, "she is still pretty and agreeable, and need not have been in such a desperate hurry. Ah, it is the money you may depend on it that is the temptation." "And even so, she is still a victim to the spirit of the 19th century. She has a very small fortune, and has been brought up with habits which would render it almost impossible for her to become the wife of a poor man. She has heard all her life, that it is her *duty* to make as good a match as she can, and she would feel it absolutely disgraceful in her to marry a man with an income not much larger than her own." "Well Jane, you are a good advocate, and I will let poor Martha alone. But certainly, the allegra will be the penserosa before she has been wedded to Canon Draughton long." "How long did the Darrels stay here after I left?" asked Ethel. "Why, did Jane never tell you that?" said Mr. Raymond. "'Thereby hangs a tale,' as somebody says in the play." "When I wrote to Ethel, I spoke of religion alone," said Mrs Raymond, "and what is the good of telling such things? Now pray Stephen, don't," she added, as she saw Mr. Raymond preparing to speak with a satirical smile. "Jane, you must wait till I am dead and gone, before you can play the part of lady abbess. I am not going to be debarred from telling a romantic story for once in my life. You remember Mr. Trevelyan, Ethel?" "Yes, and I have heard all about his early adventures, and the death of his fiancée." "Well, but there is a sequel. You know he flirted with Martha a good deal. Whilst we were at Hungerford, the day the Mowbrays arrived, he suddenly left the drawing-room, when we were nearly all assembled before dinner. We were informed he was ill. The next day he made his appearance, looking like a man that has seen a ghost, and he was so absent and queer, that I began to consider whether there was insanity in the family. Martha made a great display of interest in the state of his health, and tried to enliven him. But he continued gloomy, and appeared to shun my fair cousin more than any one. We left him at Hungerford, in the character of an invalid, and my aunt and Martha disgusted me by talking so incessantly of 'poor dear Mr. Trevelyan,' that at last, I was provoked into saying something very rude to Martha, which she never forgave. However, it did not suit her to leave Wilbury at that moment, so she took care not to quarrel with me. A fortnight passed, and no signs of Trevelyan. At last, I began to wonder too, and rode over to see after him. He had recovered his health, and seemed devoted to Miss Mowbray. She is wonderfully clever they say, and very devout, and so I thought that perhaps lady Hungerford had put her up to try and make him follow our example. He is a connexion of lady Hungerford's you know, and she knew him when he was a midshipman, and takes a great interest in him. So I thought there might be no flirtation in the case, and out of pity for Martha, we gave a dinner party for the Hungerford castle folks. Every body came except Trevelyan. Martha's maid, I suspect, told her the news below stairs was, that Mr. Trevelyan and Miss Mowbray were going to make a match. And my good aunt made Jane drive over with her to call, and discover whether the report was true. She saw enough to convince her that Martha's chance was gone. And then my pretty cousin was suddenly seized with a reawakened horror of popery, and declared she could not stay in the house, now I was fitting up a room as a temporary chapel, and trying to get a chaplain. And so the two ladies took wing for a more genial clime."

"That is all common-place enough," said Ethel,

"quite worthy of the 19th century. Where is your promised romance?" "Ah, I am a bad story teller. Why the queer part of it is, that Miss Mowbray is strikingly like Trevelyan's first love, and that his leaving the room in such a startling way, was occasioned by her entrance. He was two days before he could make up his mind to speak to her, but when once the shock was got over, he seemed unable to leave her side. The young lady is quite a religious enthusiast. She was delighted to hear of our conversions, and finding that Trevelyan was in the same road, she talked and listened to him as much as he pleased for some weeks. At last, in his usual rapid way, he made an unexpected proposal, and was rejected. The young lady, they say, has long been thinking of embracing the religious state." "And what has become of that poor unfortunate man?" asked Ethel with tears in her eyes; "I should have heard of it if he had been received." "I can't think what keeps him back," answered Mr. Raymond; "he has shut himself up at Lanhelm ever since. He writes to lady Hungerford frequently, and to us, especially to Jane. I think he is a little cracked." "Oh no, he is not," said Mrs, Raymond; "he is only eccentric, and unsubdued. He despises the rules of society, and will do as he pleases; but I see nothing like insanity about him." "How strange it is, his not joining!" said Ethel; "he seems so free from the usual obstacles. A man without ties, with a large fortune, and so independent in his ways. Are you sure he is convinced on *all* doctrinal points?" "There were a few ghosts of doubts and difficulties when he was at Hungerford," replied Mrs. Raymond, "but those are gone now, so he told me in his last letter. You must join us in praying that he may have the last crowning grace." "Indeed I will," said Ethel fervently. "Let us say the Litany of the Immaculate Heart to-night. The hour may not be come, but Mary is as powerful now, as she was when she gained her request at Cana of Galilee."

A few days after this conversation, Mr. Raymond received a letter from Mr Trevelyan, informing him that he was going to be received into the Church in a few days, and begged him to come down and pay him the visit he had promised once. Mr. Raymond laughed as he read the letter to his wife, and said, "This is go-a-head with a vengeance. He wants to turn the world upside down in a minute. A church, a convent, schools to be built without delay! He seems to think we too are the bishop and coadjutor of the district. Jane, he certainly is mad." "Oh no, he is not; only rather enthusiastic," said Mrs. Raymond, whose eyes were full of tears of joy and gratitude. "You had better go down at once, dear Stephen; your common sense will be of use to him." "Well, this is good news, Jane," said Mr. Raymond. "I've nothing to do with this victory; for, to tell you the truth, I laughed secretly at Ethel's proposal the other day, to say the litanies. Yes, you deserve to be called 'the devout sex.' Pray for me, dear Jane." The crystal drops which had been glittering on Mrs. Raymond's long black eyelashes, fell upon her husband's hand. "Let us go into the chapel, dear Stephen," she said in a low voice; "I feel as if some great calamity was hanging over us." Mr. Raymond followed her out of the room, as she hurried towards the chapel in silence. They entered, and knelt before the B. Sacrament together for a considerable time. The next day, Mr. Raymond set off for Lanhelm. After he was gone, Ethel observed with pain, that her friend was struggling with a degree of depression she had never seen her show before. At first, Ethel thought Mrs. Raymond was suffering from one of the violent headaches she was subject to; but she was assured again and again that it was not so. The fourth morning after Mr. Raymond's departure, Ethel was seriously alarmed when she met her friend at the breakfast-table, to see her pale as marble, with her eyelids swollen and lines of pain or care upon her face. To Ethel's earnest entreaties, she answered that she could not account for the strange depression and languor that had attacked her, and that she feared she was going to be ill. Ethel prevailed upon her at last to send for her medical attendant, who pronounced it nervous debility, recommended camphor, and said she would soon be well again. That evening, whilst the two friends were sitting together working for the chapel, a little terrier lying before the fire jumped up, and began a terrific howl. Mrs. Raymond started, gave a slight shriek, and sunk back trembling in her chair. Ethel was going to ring the bell, when her friend made a sign to her not to do so. In a few seconds Mrs. Raymond recovered herself and said, "I am quite ashamed of myself for frightening you so, dear Ethel. I cannot think what makes me in this nervous state, but I feel so weak that the slamming of a door would force me to cry out." The dog (which was a pet of Mr. Raymond's) began to howl again, and Ethel attempted to take him out of the room. But he growled at her, and she was afraid to touch him. "I am not superstitious," said Mrs. Raymond, "but there is something in that creature's howl to-night that makes my blood run cold. Instinct is a mysterious thing, and I think there must be some foundation for the strong notion that prevails about omens through animals; there are many well authenticated cases." Ethel smiled. "My very dear cousin," she said, "you must not allow nervousness to make you so unlike yourself. I suspect most of those cases are to be found in the poets." "No, I mean really authenticated. Besides, the poets must have got the idea from the popular feeling, and that must have sprung from experience. Certainly, there are such things as presentiments in human beings, and domestic animals are so wonderfully connected with us, such an extraordinary portion of the economy of nature, of which we know so little, that I do not see anything extravagant in thinking that they may be endowed with a peculiar instinct on certain occasions." "I have often thought," said Ethel, "that there is something very wonderful about the animal creation, as if the creatures were all types and shadows, or emblems of unseen things, and the use of them in scripture has struck me very much. The serpent, the lion, the lamb, the dove, are quite like personifications of certain attributes, and qualities, both divine and human. I feel a reverence for

certain animals, when I think of their being used as *manifestations*, so to speak, of their Creator. The lamb and the dove seem to me absolutely sacred. But the idea of a bird flapping against the window, or a dog howling being *ominous*, seems to me the mere remains of a pagan superstition." At this moment the dog barked furiously, and rushed to the window. "I hear the sound of wheels," said Mrs. Raymond; "don't you?" Ethel listened in vain: she heard nothing but a tremendous wind rushing through the trees and cracking the branches. "Listen again," said Mrs. Raymond, "it is getting nearer." "Yes, I do hear a carriage now," said Ethel, looking anxiously at her cousin's ghastly cheek and dilated eye. "Of course it is Mr. Raymond," she said; "he said he should return soon." "May God grant it!" said Mrs. Raymond, clasping her hands. "Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis! Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum!" responded Ethel, crossing herself. A carriage now drove up to the door, and in a few seconds Mr. Trevelyan entered; and with a calmness that surprised Ethel, Mrs. Raymond went to meet her guest. "I am so glad Stephen has brought you back with him," she said, glancing towards the open door. "I am *alone*," said Mr. Trevelyan in a hoarse tone, with an agitated glance. Mrs. Raymond fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. Ethel darted forward, but not in time to catch her. She knelt down and supported her head, whilst Mr. Trevelyan rang the bell, and rushed out of the room to send off for a doctor. Restoratives were tried in vain; Mrs. Raymond only opened her eyes for an instant and then relapsed into her swoon. They placed her on the sofa, and Ethel and her maid rubbed her feet and hands, and applied cold water and hartshorn in vain. "What has happened?" asked Ethel at last in a whisper. "He is dead!" whispered Mr. Trevelyan. Ethel shuddered, and crossing herself said, "Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." "Amen," responded Mr. Trelawny. Mrs. Raymond remained in a sort of stupor all night. Mr. Trevelyan and Ethel left the surgeon and the maid to watch by her, and went into the chapel, where they spent the night in reciting the Office for the Dead, with litanies and other prayers. Just before daybreak, the surgeon entered and called Ethel. On reaching her cousin's room, she found her nearly dressed. She sunk into a chair when Ethel entered and said, "Tell me the worst." "He has met with an accident," said Ethel trembling. "Is the carriage ready, White?" said Mrs. Raymond to the maid; go and see. And tell somebody to fetch Miss Harding's bonnet and shawl, and put cloaks in the carriage. Stay—and tell William to ride as hard as he can to the station, and go on by the first train, and order a chaise-and-four at E—— to take us on from the terminus. Ethel," she continued, as the maid hurried off, "I can bear anything now. Am I going to the cold clay alone, or is there any chance of my finding him alive?" Ethel sighed, and remained silent. "The most holy will of God be done!" said the widow, rising and falling upon her knees. In about half an hour from that time, Mrs. Raymond, with Ethel and Mr. Trevelyan, were driving rapidly through the lodge-gate, on their way to the station.

(To be continued.)

MOONLIGHT.

Is it not happiness to steal
Forth on the silent night,
In confidence and hope to feel
The moon's pale light?

Well do we joy—we know that ray,
For our assurance given,
That darkness hath not quench'd the day
In the wide heaven.

Well do we love thee, gentle moon;
Our Heavenly Father's love
Sent thee to guide, in night's dark noon,
The feet that rove.

That love which when our glorious sun
Was hid from mortal sight,
Yet left us not on earth alone,
In moonless night.

As twilight, ray by ray, declin'd,
Apostles sought the tomb,
To seek if haply they might find,
In fear and gloom,

Rest for the aching heart—some safe
And secret place to hide,
Around which sin and Satan chafe
Passion and pride.

The Church of Christ—the Spirit's home—
Amid the cheerless night,
He planted it, earth to illume
With heavenly light.

His own clear rays, reflected thence,
Fill with unearthly rest,
And light, and hope, and confidence,
The troubled breast.

Well do we joy, though tempests low'r;
For, taught by that calm ray,
We rest in peace till morn shall pour
A brighter day.

Well do we joy, for through the night,
When Sin and Danger roam,
From error free, that blessed light,
It guides us home.

Well do we joy—earth can bestow
Nought calm, and sure, and bright;
Those beams for ever brighter glow
To perfect light.

One day as St. Ignatius and his companion were passing by some reapers, the latter began to scoff at him and reproach him. Whereupon the saint, being unwilling to deprive them of such a satisfaction, waited with a tranquil look, until they had finished, and after that gave them his blessing and went his way. At this conduct they indeed were filled with admiration, and declared him to be a saint.

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